

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



ON THE WAY TO TAVISTOCK.

CHAMBERCOMBE.

A TALE OF NORTH DEVONSHIRE.

VII.

ABOUT the same time that Mr. Slade and his nephew left Wallredon for Cornwall, three horsemen rode down the hill that slopes from Heathfield towards Tavistock. They were indifferently mounted, and had ridden fast, so that humanity as well as circumspection—especially the latter—dictated a slow movement; for the road was vexatiously rough, and dangerously steep.

"A fine country this," said one of them. "Isn't it, Mr. Glyde?"

"As fine a country as the sun ever shone on," he replied; "but it loses its beauty to me, when I think of the rebellious spirit that prevailed here during the wars, and since too. There was more disaffection hereabouts than anywhere else almost."

"And no wonder," said the gentleman who was riding in front, "when you think of the influences that were brought to bear on these parts. But withal there was a goodly band of loyalists, Mr. Glyde; as bold and true a set of men as ever drew sword in a righteous cause."

"I was just thinking the same thing," said the first

speaker; "the Devonshire men did good service: didn't they, Mr. Sharpin?"

"They did; and their devotion to the Church was as marked as their devotion to the State. Many were the families by whom clergymen were secreted that they might have the benefit of their services; and therefore we may well put one thing against another, and enjoy the scenery, as lovers of nature ought to do."

"How was it with the Slades?" asked the magistrate.

"True as steel," answered Sharpin. "They lived, you know, on the estate of Sir Richard Grenville, and stood high in his favour."

"That's well," responded Mr. Glyde; "it's a sure sign of their loyalty, and we shall have an opportunity of showing how much we respect those who respect the constitution."

"We shall," said the constable. "Loyalty is loyalty: isn't it, Mr. Sharpin?"

"And something more," said a voice at his side, "if Sir Richard Grenville is its interpreter."

The constable started, and drew his sword instinctively, demanding, as he turned to look at the speaker—a tall, slouching, but keen-eyed countryman—who he was, and how he dared to interfere with officers on his Majesty's service.

"I'm an honest man, bound on honest business," he replied; "and that's more than every one can say who carries a sword."

"We want neither your opinions nor your company," said the officer; "and as to loyalty being more than loyalty, one needn't be a philosopher to make that out."

"True," answered the man; "but light is sometimes darkness; and then we have good authority for saying it's great darkness."

"What mean you, knave?" retorted Sharpin, angrily; "the times have gone by when officers of the Crown may be gibed and snubbed by every looby."

"Nay," said the man, "let there be no anger. I wished but to show you loyalty as many a one saw it in the knight you flattered, who hanged a constable without trial, and committed a sight of the best men of the county to Lidford prison for no reason but to compel them to ransom themselves."

"Hanged a constable!" exclaimed Higgins. "The varlet! That wasn't loyalty: was it, Mr. Sharpin?"

"No, it was more than loyalty," grinned the countryman, looking up in his face.

"Never heed him," said the officer. "He's one of those canting Cromwellians who think Jack's as good as his master; obtruding their opinions unasked, and prating about everything as though wisdom would die with them. Put up your sword, and we'll prick forward here to the right where the ground is easier. And now, sirrah," he added, addressing the countryman, "the next time you meet with gentlemen, speak when you're spoken to."

The man looked after them until they disappeared at a turn in the road, and, chuckling, said to himself, "One needn't be a philosopher to make them out."

The party rode on rapidly until they reached Wallredon Lodge, at the gates of which they alighted, and the officer walked alone to the front entrance. He was shown into the hall, and received by the lady of the house, who inquired his errand with a chilling, dignified stiffness of manner.

"I am an officer of the Crown, madam," he said, "and have a warrant to search for one William Oatway, who is thought to be in these parts—it may be in your house. The requirements of duty must sometimes appear to be

at variance with the dictates of politeness; but I hope to be faithful to justice without trespassing on the respect that is due to your family and myself."

"If you wish to examine the premises, or to remain on them," said the lady, interrupting him, "you are perfectly welcome. But who is the William Oatway you speak of?"

"A relation of yours, madam; the son of Alexander Oatway, of Chambercombe."

"Whom we have never seen nor heard of for the last seventeen years," she replied; "and surely the world's wide enough for a runaway to find shelter in without burrowing in Wallredon. What is his crime, pray?"

"It is the father, madam, who is suspected of having taken Government money from a wrecked vessel, which he caused to be wrecked; and we have evidence that his son must have been a witness."

"Then you seek up witnesses as you would seek up criminals," she answered, ironically. "And one would think that the dictates of politeness cannot possibly be at variance with the requirements of duty when evidence is sought for and not guilt pursued."

"Pardon me, madam, but arguments have no weight in the face of my commission. The law wants William Oatway, and the law has sent me to find him."

"You will not find him here, I assure you," she answered; "but, as I said before, you are welcome to make what inspection you please, though I should be glad if you would postpone it until my brother arrives."

"Most certainly, madam. I have, however, to request that you will find accommodation for myself and two other gentlemen, as well as for our steeds. We must remain here to-night."

So saying, he bowed politely, and rejoined his companions at the gates.

"We had better take up our quarters at once, Mr. Glyde," he said; "and mind, Higgins, this is a loyal house. We must both show our good breeding, and our attachment to true hearts, whilst we do our duty."

"It has just occurred to me," remarked the magistrate, "that we sha'n't find him here. He'll have hidden himself, or else he has been hidden until pursuit is no longer to be feared. We must scour the country, Sharpin."

"Perhaps he's hiding in a mine," suggested the constable. "That would be a good place to hide in: wouldn't it, Mr. Glyde?"

"Has Slade a mine?" asked the magistrate.

"He has," replied the officer; "and at any rate we should be able to give a good account of ourselves, as having risked a good deal in endeavouring to discover the young man by venturing down."

"That would be going to the bottom of things," said the constable: "wouldn't it, Mr. Sharpin?"

It was late in the evening when Mr. Slade returned; and, finding how matters stood, he made up his mind to be on friendly terms with his visitors, as the best method both of preventing annoyance and of getting rid of it. He found them seated at the fire in the hall, and introduced himself as the master of the house.

"You're in search of William Oatway, I understand," said he.

"We are, sir," said the magistrate; "and whether he's above ground or under ground we must ferret him out. It's a matter of duty."

"If under ground," observed Mr. Slade, laughing, "he's perhaps on his way to the Antipodes, by the road which Drake's shot made when he sent it as a warning to his lady."

"How was that?" inquired the officer eagerly, with all the intentness of a story-hunter.

"It'll be a good story," chuckled the constable, rubbing his hands: "won't it, Mr. Sharpin?"

"Well," replied the gentleman, "they say that the wife of Drake, not having heard of her husband for a number of years, and supposing him dead, was on the point of marrying again. The bridal party had assembled in the church, and the clergyman was about to commence the service, when an explosion was heard, and a cannon-shot, breaking through the floor, rose to the ceiling, and then dropped at the lady's feet. Every one was alarmed but herself. 'That's a shot from Drake,' she said, calmly; 'he's living yet.' And taking up the ball, she carried it home, heavy as it was, and waited for the voyager's return."

"Well done!" exclaimed the officer. "If Oatway would but send us a shot we should know where he is." And they joined in a good-humoured, hearty laugh.

"My worthy friend here," said Sharpin, continuing the conversation, "has suggested—in case no shot comes up, of course—that we should go down. It will be in the way of duty if we search your mine, Mr. Slade; we shall then have fulfilled our responsibility to the utmost."

"With all my heart," replied the gentleman; "though you might as well seek grapes on Dartmoor. Every facility shall be afforded you in the search."

"It really would be satisfactory," observed the magistrate—"very."

"Then satisfaction shall be given you, sirs; we'll away to the moor on the morrow."

A more favourable morning for their expedition could not have been desired. It seemed as if the rain, so frequent in those parts, had purposely withheld itself to favour the aim of the party who sallied forth from Wallredon Lodge to visit the principal mine in the neighbourhood. The sun shone brightly, and the geniality of the season inspired the songsters of every grade with such happy feelings that the air was filled with their melody. This enlivening state of things gave vivacity to the conversation of the four horsemen, as they rode through narrow lanes hedged in by high banks, matted with the most luxuriant foliage in autumn tints, until they reached the open moor, from the surface of which cropped out many a block of granite, and over which sheep were scattered, picking up a comfortable living without much difficulty.

"Here we are," said Mr. Slade, pulling up at a heap of rubbish, technically called "deads," which hid the works from view. "Jan!" And, to the surprise of the visitors, there emerged from half-hovel, half-cave, scooped out of the mass, and fronted with rough timber, the gaunt countryman who had so unceremoniously volunteered his opinions on the previous day as they descended the hill to Tavistock. He surveyed them with a leer, but said nothing.

"These gentlemen," observed his master, "are desirous to search the mine for a runaway youth; and I leave them in your hands, Jan, to fit them with suitable garments. Mother Earth," he added, turning to the officials, "requires her visitors to be attired in a peculiar fashion; and you'll admire each other presently, when prepared for the descent. This way, if you please."

They passed into the works, which revealed a large *whim* or wheel, immediately over the shaft, worked by horses, a number of sheds in which various operations were going on in connection with the preparation of the ore, and heaps of lead and tin glistening in the sun,

and disclosing sources of wealth that magnified the owner to lordly dimensions in the estimation of Higgins.

"Jan will be with you directly," said Mr. Slade, showing them into an empty shed. "He's looking after the horses, and will bring court dresses with him. You'll excuse me for a little." And, closing the door, he went after his groom, and conversed with him for a few minutes. A broad grin from the countryman was indicative of some passing pleasantry, and his steps were lighter and shorter than usual as he strode away to do his master's bidding. Ransacking an outhouse, he gathered in his arms a bundle of dirty garments, and bore them off to the shed where the trio, whose acquaintance he had already made, awaited his arrival. He threw his burden on the ground, and then proceeded to separate the vestments one from another: overcoats, trousers, caps of linen, shoes, and hats, all greasy and plastered with clay.

They looked on, but no one spoke, and Jan drew himself up and looked on too.

"You don't say what we're to do," remarked the officer, addressing him.

"Didn't you tell me," replied the man, "the next time I met with gentlemen not to speak till I was spoken to?"

"I did; and if you're as well up in the subject of old clothes as you are in the subject of loyalty, we shan't be wanting in information. Must we put on these things?"

"If you're going below you must," he answered. "A fresh service wants a fresh livery." And he winked for his own private satisfaction.

"They're not very inviting," observed the magistrate.

"So I say," chimed in the constable; "in fact, they're disgraceful: arn't they, Mr. Glyde?"

"There are better looking things that are worse badges," said the countryman, archly; "and you'll not be disgraced by the change, look as they may."

"Is it far down?" asked Higgins, in an altered tone.

"Under a mile," replied the miner; "and you'll go down beautiful in the kibbal; better than by the ladders, a great deal."

It was somewhat humiliating to the official triumvirate to exchange the ensigns of state authority for the soiled prison-looking dresses that the miner had provided. Engaged in an important duty, they felt ashamed of a metamorphosis which, under other circumstances, would have caused nothing but merriment. Had they been a pleasure party, such as occasionally came from neighbouring towns to examine the bowels of the earth, they would have laughed and joked and made merry at each other's expense whilst encasing themselves in flannel, and the quality of the habiliments would but have enhanced their glee. But to be dressed up in such guise as scarcely to recognise each other whilst engaged on his Majesty's service brought up no little vexation as a first feeling; and they submitted to what seemed a degradation in gloomy silence. When Jan, however, proceeded to fit the constable with a hat—a hard, broad-brimmed, battered hat—that was somewhat large for his head and descended further than was seemly, their spleen and gravity were dispelled, and they laughed outright.

"He looks like a cheese ring," said Jan, with a wicked smile playing round his mouth; "but turn your beaver up, sir, and it won't become you so badly after all. There!"

"Never mind, Higgins," observed the officer, "we shall all be as handsomely rigged directly." And the constable had his laugh too when the head-dress of his superiors was completed.

"Are you going down with us?" he asked, addressing the miner.

"No, master; I shall mind the whim. But a message has been sent down that you're coming, and you'll find a guide below. Follow me, sirs, if you please."

At the mouth of the shaft they were joined by Mr. Slade, who complimented them on their appearance, and assisted them into the kibbal. "All right, Jan," he said; "turn slowly."

And down they went into darkness, so gradually that they scarcely perceived any motion, and neither of them uttered a word for some time. The orifice at the top grew smaller and smaller until it was lost sight of altogether, and the minutes seemed hours as they still went down into depths, the thought of which made the constable excessively nervous, and he said, in a hollow whisper, "It's a long way down: isn't it, Mr. Sharpin?"

The officer thought so too, but he merely replied, "We shall soon be there, Higgins."

But time went on, and the darkness became more dismal. For, in truth, Jan's horses after awhile had just crept round the ring, and then—stopped altogether.

"I'm sure we must have gone a mile by this time," said the constable.

"Are we going at all?" responded the officer.

"Perhaps there's something wrong with the whim," suggested the magistrate; "and, though it gets warmer and warmer, it's enough to cool one's ardour, Sharpin, after all."

"It's the whim of that Cromwellian trickster, then," answered the officer, pleased with the witticism in the midst of his chagrin. "We haven't moved an inch for a quarter of an hour."

"The *suspense* is terrible," exclaimed the magistrate, without intending to be waggish. "We had better call out. Hoy!"

The shout reverberated from the sides of the shaft, ascending with a sepulchral sound, which added to their growing alarm; but it died away, and there was no response, save the faintest echo of what might have been a distant laugh.

"We're at the mercy of that knave," said Sharpin, angrily; "and he'll make us the butt of the county."

"And of the country too," said the magistrate, "now that a newspaper has been started. We shall figure in the 'Public Intelligencer;' and pretty figures we shall make. Higgins, are you perspiring?"

"Yes," replied the constable, peevishly, without finishing in the usual style, but whether the heat or fear had most to do with it, he didn't explain.

"We're going up again," said the officer in a tone of surprise; "and quickly too. Don't you feel the air?"

And chilly and more chilly grew the atmosphere, and distinct and more distinct became the mouth of the shaft, until snap went the catch, and a stage was pushed under them to facilitate their exit.

"Are these my friends?" said a well-known voice. "I shouldn't have recognised them. Such sights! Butterflies yesterday and grubs to day. But I've spoilt your pleasure, good folks."

"I should like to know," vociferated the officer in a loud offended tone, taking no notice whatever of his old friend, "what's the meaning of all this. Here we've been hanging between—between—"

"Between Devon and New Holland," said the stranger, laughing.

"It's no laughing matter, Mr. Collins," he replied in the same tone, "to be hanging in a dark hole for half an hour or more; and I've a right to demand an explanation."

"The tidings your friend has brought," said Mr. Slade, quietly, "will satisfy you in all respects, and give another turn to matters. We've drawn you up to hear for yourselves, and you can descend again, if you please, to survey the mine at your leisure."

"I have ridden fast," Mr. Collins proceeded to say, "to make you acquainted with Oatway's death. He had a sort of a duel with Soper. The latter is so badly wounded that his life is despaired of; but his antagonist was killed on the spot. He'll give us no more trouble, I'm glad to say."

"Ah!" muttered the officer, to whom the event was not so welcome as to the speaker. "Balked again."

"It's no use searching any more now," said the constable; "is it, Mr. Glyde?"

"I think not," responded the magistrate; "but we've done our duty. And now the sooner we dress and go northward the better."

The owner of the mine endeavoured to persuade them to try a second descent, but in vain. The constable declared they had seen enough, and Mr. Sharpin threw out suspicions of intrigue and trickery, expressing it as his opinion that they had been made the victims of a stratagem, the baseness of which had found a cover in the appearance of Collins at the time, and that it was impossible to say what further experiences of treachery might have followed but for that fortunate occurrence.

"How long did you stop the horses, Jan?" inquired Mr. Slade, after his visitors had disappeared.

"About twenty minutes, sir."

"That's longer than I intended, Jan."

"Ay; but I should have kept them on for a turn of the glass, sir," he answered, "rather than not have a spell at authority. And after this," he added, laughing, "they needn't become philosophers to know that mining sharpens the wits."

The Slades were but little affected by the death of Oatway. He had become as a stranger to them—forgotten; or, if remembered, uncared for and disliked. In proportion as they had loved the memory of their sister they had disavowed the man to whom her death was attributed; and now, when tidings of his end reached them, they did but comment on it as an issue to be expected, the natural result of those hot-headed and nefarious ways to which he had committed himself—the ways of destruction.

It was different, however, with his son William, to whom the news was grievous indeed, awakening feelings of shame, on the one hand, that his parent had fallen with such a weight of opprobrium resting on his character, and of desolation, on the other hand, as he was now a homeless orphan, with no one to address by a tenderer name than might imply a heartless relationship, devoid of true sympathy, and offering neither help, succour, nor love. His intercourse with his mother's connections had been too slight and transient to produce the assurance of abiding regard and affection now that he was cast on the world; for Rebecca had told him, ere he parted from her, that he must make it a rule to look after himself, to rely on his own resources whilst hoping in God; as she suspected, and more than suspected, that his father's circumstances were so irretrievably involved as to afford no prospect whatever of his succeeding to an inheritance. It was this which explained to William the desperate game his father had so lately played. It was to stave off ruin; and now, when all was over—when it was known that he was penniless, and a stigma was all he inherited, he would probably be left to shape his own way, and make relationships in other circles.

Such feelings were scarcely to be wondered at; but a

visit from his uncle and aunt dissipated at once both surmising and fears with reference to the worth and stability of their sentiments. They took him to their hearts. They adopted him as their own. They made him feel that he might look up to them with a warmer and more confiding trust than the mere relationship subsisting between them could inspire, and joy and hope rose high in his breast—even higher than when, in his father's house, he thought of becoming his father's successor.

The two years spent by him in Cornwall sped hastily and happily away. He threw himself into his duties with all the earnestness of his ardent nature, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with every detail of mining operations, taking a part at the same time in the oversight and management of the farm which his master, the friend of his uncle, occupied. His character until late events had been irreproachable, but there was no one near to counsel him in the ways of God. Amiable, upright, and conscientiously moral in word and deed, he lacked that one thing—godliness—without which he had proved there is no security when thrown amidst the thick temptations of life. He did not think of this. The desire to be a man, in the world's sense, was his great ambition; to rise by the force of his own character and the powers of his mind, which he had set himself to cultivate, and ultimately—this was the goal on which he set his heart—to win back Chambercombe, and be an Oatway in the Grange in which his forefathers had lived. No higher purpose at the time was the master of his heart and life.

It was the same when in course of time he took up his residence at Wallreden Lodge, and became his uncle's right hand, only he grew more engrossed with business, more sensitive personally to the attractiveness and absorbing power of gain, and more susceptible of that selfishness which values Nature in proportion as she supplies the material that can be converted into gold. Gradually he was entrusted with everything at the mine, and at the end of three years became sole manager, to the great relief of his uncle, who long had sighed for the ease and rest of a sleeping partner.

And proud the Slades were of him!—no wonder! His fine handsome face and commanding figure, his noble spirit, his affectionate disposition, his manly character could do no other than awaken admiration; and the older they grew the more they clung to him, with a devotedness which would have flattered many a young man into a state of conceit both injurious to self and repulsive to others.

But the brightest hopes are often unexpectedly clouded; and so it was at Wallreden Lodge. They doted on their nephew, but erewhile he disappointed them.

ADVENTURES OF A SHELL-COLLECTOR.

In the obituary of "The Times" newspaper for August there appeared the following entry: "On the 10th inst., at 13, Gower Street, Bedford Square, Hugh Cuming, Esq., F.L.S., in his 75th year." Not long before his death a portrait was given in the Photographic Gallery of eminent men,* with a memoir by Mr. Lovell Reeve, his friend and fellow-labourer in conchology, which will now be read with increased interest:—

The natural history of foreign seas and countries is abundantly studied by men who "live at home at ease"

in the midst of cabinets and books, dependent for their specimens of birds, shells, or insects on the stores of dealers in such objects; but the number of those who have undergone the arduous personal exertion of collecting them, with a scientific spirit, in their native haunts, is comparatively few. Of this small number the life and adventures of Mr. Hugh Cuming present one of the most remarkable instances on record. It is to the collecting of shells that Mr. Cuming has mainly directed his attention; and it is chiefly owing to the care with which he has noted the habits and geographical distribution of their molluscan inhabitants that the studies of the conchologist have come to possess an interest of a philosophic kind which was formerly unknown.

Hugh Cuming was born on the 14th of February, 1791, at West Alvington, Kingsbridge, Devon. In that richly-wooded country, where slugs and snails abound, he commenced at a very early period of his childhood to make a collection of their pretty shells. Kingsbridge was at that time the home of the celebrated author of the "Testacea Britannica," Colonel Montagu; and it was under his friendly patronage and encouragement that a taste for conchological pursuits was fostered in Hugh Cuming, until it became the ruling passion of his life. At the usual age he was bound apprentice to a sailmaker, and the selection of this business having brought him into contact with men of seafaring habits, he was induced, in 1819, to undertake a voyage to South America. Here he settled himself as a sailmaker at Valparaiso. Being thus transported into a country where the shells are of a much more striking and beautiful character than any that he had seen before, Mr. Cuming's passion for collecting largely increased. He was especially delighted, on searching among the rocks, to observe the size and beauty of the Chitons and Fissurellas that inhabit that coast. The enthusiasm with which he exhibited his treasures to the people of Valparaiso excited a lively interest in his researches, and he was greatly befriended, amongst others, by the English Consul-General, Mr. Nugent, who introduced him to any officers of the navy that happened to visit the port, and from whom he often obtained contributions to his shell cabinet.

In 1826 Mr. Cuming declined business, and determined upon undertaking an exploring expedition. With this object in view, he built himself a yacht, fitting it up expressly for the convenience of collecting and storing specimens of natural history, and in the following year he sailed for a cruise among the islands of South Polynesia. The first place he touched at was the little island of Juan Fernandez, and proceeding thence across the Pacific in the direction of the Society Islands, one of the next that he visited was Pitcairn's Island, memorable in history as an instance of an uninhabited island having become colonized by a fine athletic family of Christians, speaking English, descendants of the mutineers of the "Bounty." Five-and-thirty years had passed since the mutiny; and old John Adams, the good seaman, who had been pressed into it, still survived. Mr. Cuming found him nobly engaged in the pastoral and patriarchal offices so touchingly described by Captain Beechey; and, having spent a week with him in his house, he continued his voyage, staying some time at Tahiti, where he became intimate with Queen Pomare.* The rich conchological novelties that now rewarded Mr. Cuming's toil in dredging, wading, and wandering induced him to

* "Photographic Gallery of Men eminent in Literature, Science, and Art." Edited by Lovell Reeve, F.L.S. Portraits by Ernest Edwards. (Gilpin & Co.)

* In 1815, when Sir Thomas Staines touched at Pitcairn's Island in the "Briton," two of the natives were invited to dine with him in his cabin. They were tall, handsome youths, six feet high, with dark hair and open, pleasing countenances, and having no clothes except a piece of cloth

spend upwards of a twelvemonth among the various little-known islands of this wide expanse of ocean, especially the coral-reef islands, many of which had not been hitherto visited by any naturalist; and he reached home laden with spoils collected from sea and land.

On his return to Valparaiso, after a few months spent in turning over the produce of his cruise, Mr. Cuming commenced preparations for a voyage of more extended duration along the western coast of South America. His eight years' residence at Valparaiso had allowed time for his researches in natural history to be widely known and respected, and he started on his second conchological expedition furnished with important advantages. The Chilean Government granted him the privilege of anchoring in the different ports free of the charges, and of purchasing stores free of duty. He was also supplied with letters to the authorities of the different states, who, in consequence, received him with marked attention, and, on finding his pursuits entirely free from any political curiosity, rendered him every possible facility. At one port, and only one, along the whole line of coast from the Isle of Chiloe, in lat. 44° S., to the Gulf of Conchagua, in lat. 13° N., did Mr. Cuming experience any difficulty. On approaching Xipixapi, Ecuador, West Columbia, his little yacht, though carrying the Chilean flag, was taken for a Peruvian frigate. The Peruvians had rendered themselves obnoxious to the West Columbians by besieging the city of Guayaquil. Mr. Cuming was surrounded by an armed force, his papers were seized, and he himself was taken prisoner to the capital. He assured the governor that his vessel was not so large as the twentieth part of a Peruvian frigate; and, having given testimony of the harmlessness of his avocations, he was set at liberty, with many apologies for his capture.

After nearly two years spent in exploring the western coast of South America, dredging while under sail and at anchor in the bays and inlets, searching among the rocks, turning over the stones at low water, and rambling inland over the plains, river-banks, and woods, Mr. Cuming returned with all his stores to England. It was in 1831 that the evening scientific meetings of the Zoological Society began to be enlivened by the brilliant display of new shells, described from Mr. Cuming's cabinet by the late Mr. Broderip and the late Mr. G. B. Sowerby, while Professor Owen undertook the severer task of describing the anatomy of some of the more interesting of the molluscs preserved in spirits.

In 1835, although Mr. Cuming's conchological novelties were far from being exhausted, he began to entertain the project, while in the fulness of health and strength, of visiting some of the islands of the Eastern hemisphere, and fixed upon the Philippine group as the field of his new researches. It happened that the society, to whose Transactions and Proceedings the results of his labours had so bountifully contributed, was presided over by a nobleman, Edward, thirteenth Earl of Derby, who took a substantial interest in the progress of zoological discovery, and himself employed collectors abroad for procuring specimens. The authorities of the Spanish Government were known to be exceedingly jealous of any foreigner approaching the Philippine Islands, but,

round the loins, and a straw hat ornamented with black cock's feathers, their fine form and muscular limbs showed to great advantage. On setting something to eat before them, these apparently half-savages suddenly clasped their hands together, and one of them, to the inexpressible astonishment of the captain, repeated in solemn English the familiar words, "For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful." They proved to be sons, by Tahiti mothers, of Christian and Young, two of the mutineers of the "Bounty," nurtured in the fear and admonition of the Lord by old John Adams,

through the influence of Lord Derby with the Spanish Ambassador in London, General Alava, Mr. Cuming obtained letters from Madrid to the Governor-General of Manilla, Don Andres Garcia Camba, and to the Minister of Finance, Don Luis Urrejola, who furnished him with letters to the governors of the different provinces into which the islands are divided, and gave certain necessary orders to the commandants of the gunboats placed at the different islands for their protection; whilst a letter from the Spanish Government, introducing Mr. Cuming to the Archbishop of Manilla, Don Francis José Segui, procured him a hospitable welcome among the clergy wherever he presented himself.

The importance of this mode of proceeding will be seen by the subsequent narrative. Although Mr. Cuming's dredgings and wanderings by the sea-shore were by no means inconsiderable, his attention was chiefly directed to the dense woods and forests of those luxuriant islands, which were suspected to be richly populated with snails. At every step of his progress he became the guest of the priests, whom he found living in comparative splendour. They placed their equipages at his service; and he travelled from town to town in handsome carriages, and from port to port in large boats, manned, some of them, with from thirty to forty oars. Everywhere a hospitable reception, with apartments and the best of living, followed, and the services of the school children, numbering in some places as many as four or five hundred, were secured to scour the woods for snail-shells. Nearly all the towns and villages of the Philippine Islands have public schools, supported at the expense of the Spanish Government; and Mr. Cuming invariably succeeded in his intercession with the priest to get the scholars a holiday during his stay to help in collecting shells; and there was no want of rivalry among them, for their exertions were always liberally rewarded. Mr. Cuming generally managed to keep a little heap of silver coins in sight, and he distributed them to the shell-gatherers according to the measure of their contributions. Shells which gladdened his eyes day after day by their exceeding novelty and beauty were brought to him in quantities which seemed prodigious. Sometimes, when a stray specimen of a particular kind was observed among a multitude of others, the fortunate discoverer was rewarded with an extra coin, and off he would run again to the woods with the pattern specimen to search for further supplies; and others, catching sight of the bribe, would follow him, with the hope of gaining a similar reward. The natives, of course, thought the strange visitor was no more in possession of his reason in collecting such a quantity of snail-shells than was the demented Lear in gathering straws. At the island of Siquijor, where the priest's house was situated on an exposed elevation in the middle of the town, Mr. Cuming could be seen through the open windows of his apartment busy sorting and packing. During the day-time, no particular interest was aroused, but when it grew dark, and Mr. Cuming was still seen with his assistants groping and flitting about with candles, his mysterious and apparently unappeasable restlessness excited some uneasiness; and the public authorities went in a body to the priest, and demanded to know what sort of man he had got living with him. The Spaniards who came there, they said, always took money from them (the poll-tax); but this man gave them money, throwing it about like dirt. Mr. Cuming was frequently assailed with the inquiry for what purpose did he collect such a quantity of shells. It was in vain that he endeavoured to explain that they were to put in cabinets as specimens of natural

history. The natives of the Philippine Islands are in the habit of making an ash of burnt shells to assist in chewing the betel-nut. They cut the nut into slices, and wrap them up, with the shell-ash, in leaves of the pepper-plant. And he resorted to the expedient of telling them that his shells were all suitable for use in a similar process in England. This at once satisfied their inquiries. Wherever Mr. Cuming travelled, he exercised considerable influence over the natives by practising as a medicine-man. He always carried a supply of quinine with him, and found it an unfailing remedy in the cure of fever. Hence he was everywhere feared and sought after, and his statements were listened to with the same respect for their sincerity as those of the priest.

After four years spent in this manner among the Philippine Islands, Mr. Cuming returned to England; and he has been untiringly engaged during the twenty-four years since elapsed in arranging and completing his collection, adding immensely to it by the purchase and exchange of specimens, and getting the species described and figured by conchologists at home and abroad. At present his cabinets contain not fewer than thirty thousand species and varieties, several specimens of each. The homage paid to Mr. Cuming by naturalists in all parts of the world, on account of his assiduity and enterprise in forming this wonderful collection, is quite remarkable; more especially on account of its containing the types of nearly all the numerous species described in this country during the last three-and-thirty years, the greater portion of which have been illustrated by Mr. G. B. Sowerby, Jun., in his "Thesaurus Conchyliorum," and in a more extended work of fourteen quarto volumes, with nineteen hundred plates, by the writer of this memoir.

It must not, however, be supposed that Mr. Cuming's researches have been confined to shells. During three excursions which he made in the Philippine Islands, starting each time from Manilla, he collected, in addition to shells, large numbers of birds, reptiles, and even quadrupeds, and an immense number of insects and plants. Of plants, he collected as many as 130,000 dried specimens for the herbarium, and a quantity of magnificent orchids, most of which, sent home alive in Ward's cases, proved to be new to the cultivator. The proceeds of Mr. Cuming's wanderings among the Philippine Islands filled one hundred and forty-seven large cases, ninety of which he brought home with him to his house in Gower Street,* in three large waggons. Mr. Cuming disposed of his duplicate specimens to the various public and private collections of Europe and the United States, and took pleasure in acknowledging that his expenses and labours were amply repaid.

FOTHERINGHAY.

BY CUTBERT SEDGE.

II.

FOTHERINGHAY itself, although reduced from its original importance of a Northamptonshire market town, and as the seat of the proud Plantagenets, still presents much the same appearance that it did in Leland's day; for it "is but of one street, all of stone building," and "the glorie of it standeth by the parochie church of a fair buillidid and collegiated," and "there be exceeding goodly meadows," and "mervelus fair corn ground and pasture, but little woodde." The

village at the present day consists of a long, straggling street, on a gentle rise above the northern bank of the winding river Nene. The houses are wholly built of stone, and many of them are thatched; those at the eastern end of the street, towards the castle, are called the Old and New Inns, the former having long since been converted into a number of small tenements. The New Inn still remains in much of its old integrity; and, with its large Gothic arch, decorated with roses, quatre-foils, and armorial bearings of the Yorks and of Edward IV, affords an excellent example of the domestic architecture of the time of that monarch. The beautiful church of Fotheringhay is but a fragment of a great idea. It was designed to be a collegiate church; but its chancel, and the collegiate buildings, were destroyed in the last year of Edward VI. It is unnecessary to describe it here,* further than to say that it consists of a nave with aisles, and a square tower supporting an octagonal lantern; pinnacles rise from the battlements of the aisles, and flying buttresses support the clerestories. The church contains the original font and pulpit (with Richard III's badge of the boar), and the monuments erected by Queen Elizabeth to the Dukes of York. They bear their badge of the falcon enclosed within a horse fetter-lock, which also appears on the summit of the church vane. The keep of the castle was built in the form of a fetter-lock, a circumstance which caused Philemon Holland, in his first edition of Camden's "Britannia," to "digress a little" into the following anecdote:—"Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, who built that keep, and garnished the glass windows there with fetter-locks, when he saw his sons, being younger scholars, gazing upon the painted windows, asked them what was the Latin for a fetter-lock. They, studying and looking silently one upon another, not able to answer, 'If you cannot tell me,' says he, 'I will tell you. *Hic hæc hoc taceatis, i.e., hic hæc hoc—Be silent and quiet:* and therewithal added, 'God knoweth what may happen hereafter.' This, King Edward IV, his great-grandchild, publicly reported, when he, having attained the crown, created Richard, his younger son, Duke of York, and then commanding that he should use for his badge *the fetter-lock open*, to verify the presage of his great-grandfather." Up to that time, and while they were contending for the throne, the falcon was represented as endeavouring to expand its wings and force open the lock.

Passing underneath an avenue of limes that completely overarches the approach to the north porch of the church, let us ascend the belfrey-steps and climb up to the lantern, at whose lower story are the shattered figures of the four Evangelists standing upon embattled turrets. From this commanding station we have a bird's-eye view of Fotheringhay. Looking eastward, the village street cleaves past us to the left, having at its further extremity the picturesque New Inn, whose buildings form the three sides of a square, but whose inner galleries, existing when Nichols wrote his history, in 1787, have been since removed. We can see its Gothic gateway and flanking buttresses, and its mulioned windows, but three-fourths of this building, which once supplemented the accommodation afforded by the castle, has been converted into barns, and granaries, and

* The best and most complete description of this beautiful church will be found in Mr. Parker's tract, "Some Remarks upon the Church of Fotheringhay" (1841), illustrated by thirty-one woodcuts, and containing a copy of the original contract for building the church, in the 13th of Henry VI, 1435. This contract is one of the few original documents of this kind that have been preserved to us from the Middle Ages, and affords some curious and interesting information, which Mr. Parker has explained and illustrated throughout from the building itself.

* It is to be hoped that Mr. Cuming's collections will be secured for the British Museum.

farming purposes. Leading directly southward from this New Inn is the high road to Oundle, passing between an avenue of trees, and then crossing the Nene by the stone bridge which Queen Elizabeth had once repaired. Eastward from the New Inn we see a road leading into the fields and round to the castle ruins. Immediately to the right of this road, the grass-field on the other side of the hedge falls into a sweeping hollow, measuring seventy-five feet across, which we very clearly perceive to be the dried-up (and partially filled-up) bed of the outer moat. On the further side of its bank is a long wall, against the southern side of which barns and other farm-buildings have been erected. The further end of this wall is a genuine relic of the old castle, but I am sorry to miss, at this nearer end, a still more interesting relic, in the shape of the continuation of this wall, supported by three very massive buttresses, which have recently been taken down by Lord Overstone, in order to use up their materials and gain a little space for some new farm-buildings. At the same time this portion of the outer moat was also filled up, and has been converted into a garden. So far as I have been able to learn, no sketch of this outer-buttressed wall and moat is known to exist, save one that I myself took a few years since, and which I contributed to the volume for 1861 of the *Amateur Anastatic Drawing Society*.

And while on the subject of published illustrations of Fotheringhay Castle, I may here mention what is surely a very remarkable fact, when we consider the interest universally attaching to the spot, that only two representations of its remains have been published, viz., the frontispiece to Archdeacon Bonney's work (1821), and the print in Bridge's "*Northamptonshire*," which has been copied in several publications of Mr. Charles Knight. The latter view was taken in 1718, and shows Queen Elizabeth's bridge, and the river wall of the castle, wherein two archways are discernible, beyond which is

"that dismantled Mount, where stood
The towers imbued with Stuart's blood."

But of the appearance of those towers we have not the slightest record. No painting, engraving, or plan—not even the rudest scribble of the pen that could give us the least idea of the exterior or interior of any portion of Fotheringhay Castle—is known to exist. Books and manuscripts in the British Museum, the Bodleian, and other public and private libraries have been searched in vain, with the hope of meeting with some record, however rude and slight, of the ancient appearance of Fotheringhay Castle. Not even the Cottonian collection, despite the indefatigable industry of its founder, affords the most trivial help in this particular; and, although every other point in Mary's eventful history can be illustrated by contemporaneous engravings or paintings, yet, when we come to fatal Fotheringhay, there we encounter a total blank. It is as though the annihilation that visited the castle had also swept away every trace of it that had been made by the pencil or graver. Miss Strickland, the distinguished historian and biographer of Mary Queen of Scots, possesses a Mary Stuart album, in which she has stored a goodly collection of drawings and prints to illustrate her favourite's life; but it lacks all records of Fotheringhay Castle, except those made in modern times;* and a friend of the writer's has a still more extensive collection (filling two enormous scrap-books), in which every spot (except Fotheringhay) that Mary ever visited is illustrated by contemporary views or plans, and every person with whom she ever had any

* Including some by the writer. They are referred to in Miss Strickland's "*Queens of Scotland*," vii. 420, note.

dealings is represented by every known engraved portrait (sometimes forty in number), and by copies or photographs of portraits in oils. This collection is supposed to be unique, and has been amassed by many years intelligent labour and valuable research regardless of cost, but it lacks any representation of Fotheringhay before its demolition. That no such record should be known to exist is certainly a curious fact; and it is also surprising, in this age of illustration, that so interesting and even picturesque a spot should not have been more frequently represented in engraving.

Pictures of Fotheringhay, too, are by no means frequent in our art exhibitions. I can recall but one, and that painted by a Scotsman, D. O. Hill, who treated the subject most poetically, with a twilight effect, taking his point of view from the opposite side of the river, and having the park hill to the right, the castle mound in the centre, and the church to the left. When this picture was shown at the Edinburgh Exhibition, in 1852, it was thus described in a brochure entitled "*Pictorial Musings*:"—

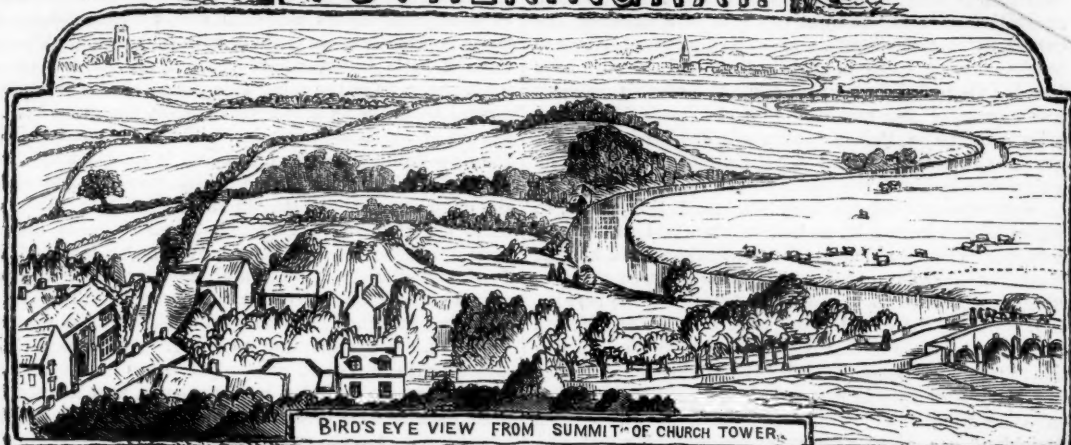
"He who seeks Nature in her gay attire,
Where streams smile back to heaven the bright sapphire,
When evening tints the azure vault with gold,
And zephyrs, 'mong the reeds, their wings enfold—
The soft sweet sunset of a summer day,—
May dream and ponder Hill's fair 'Fotheringhay.'"

In this picture a ghostly-looking heron, standing on the river's brink, was the only figure introduced. I looked upon the real scene on a twilight evening in the past summer, and thought that it only wanted the solitary bird to realize the artist's picture, when flop! flop! a heron rose from the very spot amid the sedge upon the river's brink, and, wheeling into the air, bore away until he was lost in the sunset.

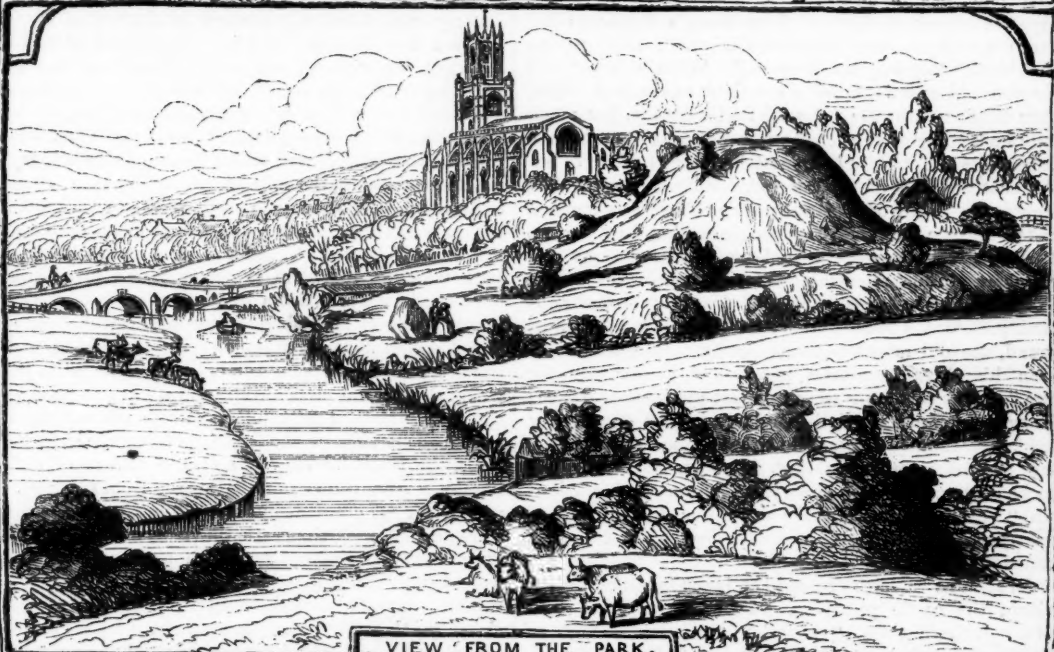
Returning from this artistic digression to our high position on the lantern of Fotheringhay Church, we see the castle mound, on which stood the keep and Mary's prison; and just beyond it the flat area on which was the fatal banquetting-hall, and the moat, and the various inequalities of the ground, with the hawthorn-trees scattered over them, and the shapeless fragment of the castle's masonry standing in solitary state near to the river; and, beyond the castle area, the line of hedge where flows the mill-brook which did duty for the outer moat; and then, the ground rising abruptly to the park hill, which has a high precipitous bank clothed with trees frowning over the river, which goes gleaming on with snake-like windings among the flat green meadows until it is well-nigh lost to view beneath the long timber viaduct of the Northampton and Peterborough Railway. The traveller who is journeying to the latter place by this railway should look out of the left-hand window shortly before he approaches Elton, and he will have an excellent view of Fotheringhay, with its church and castle-mound, at little more than half a mile distant. Beyond the railway-bridge we see the beautiful early-English spire of Warmington Church; and, further to the left, the tall tower of Elton Church, with the richly-timbered park of the Earl of Carysfort, and the high range of ground on the borders of Huntingdonshire.

Now let us descend from our high position to the village street, and, passing the Gothic portals of the New Inn, and the new farm-buildings that have replaced that old bit of buttressed wall, we walk by the side of the outer moat until we turn to the right, and find ourselves before the mound on which was the fetter-lock keep. A part of the moat is here filled up, and marks the former position of the drawbridge, the foundation of which was taken away in June 1820, when a considerable portion of the foundation-stones of the castle were also

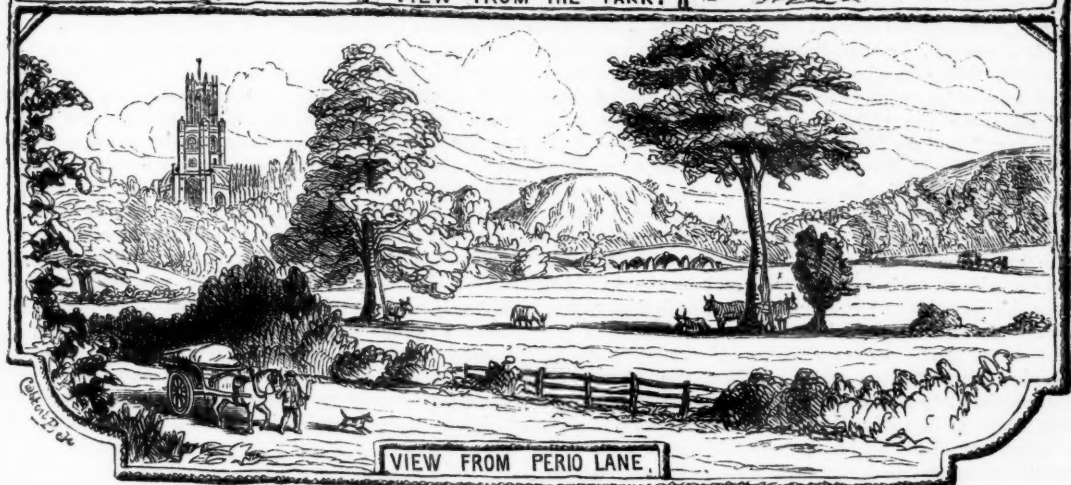
FOTHERINGHAY.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW FROM SUMMIT OF CHURCH TOWER.



VIEW FROM THE PARK.



VIEW FROM PERIO LANE.

removed. On this occasion the eastern side of the mound was dug into in the search for stone, and the excavations brought to light the back of a chimney, the entrances to two closets, and a pavement of Norman bricks. Some coins of Edwards II and IV were also found. One of the workmen employed on this occasion was a man of the name of Robert Wyatt, formerly a private in "The Prince of Wales's 3rd," who, having grown old, chiefly gained his living of late years by acting as a guide to the castle ruins. He will doubtless be well remembered by many who read this paper, to whom he will have told, as he has often told to the present writer, how he dug up the drawbridge, and how he filled in the moat, and how a Scotch gentleman measured out the execution-room and found it quite correct, and, above all, how he himself had found Queen Mary's own ring. This was that signet-ring (with the inscription "Henri L. Darnley. 1565," the monogram of Henry and Mary bound up in a true-lover's-knot, and the lion on a crowned shield within the hoop) of which Miss Strickland has given an illustration, and of which she says, "Perhaps it dropped from Mary's finger in her death agony on the block, and was swept away among the bloody sawdust unobserved." What a lucky find for the old man! I have searched again and again, year after year, in the ruins of Fotheringhay, but never found anything of greater consequence than some human bones that the rabbits had scratched out of a burrow on the eastern side of the mound. Robert Wyatt, then eighty-two years of age, and nearly blind, was enabled to tell his tale to Miss Strickland herself, and to Messrs. Parker, Freeman, and other learned antiquarians and members of the Archaeological Society, when they visited Fotheringhay on Monday, July 29, 1861. "Miss Strickland proposed a subscription; and, the hat being sent round, the old man was made happy with a larger fee than his threadbare tales had probably ever won for him." This was, as it were, his last public appearance; for when I went to Fotheringhay early in September 1862, my inquiries after Robert Wyatt were met by the painful information that, a short time previous, he had returned late in the evening from the Warrington "feast," considerably the worse for drink, and had been put to bed, and there found dead early the next morning.

As soon as we have crossed the inner moat, and stand within the castle precincts, we plainly perceive that although there are no "ruins," in the accepted sense of the word, yet that abundant evidence is afforded by the moats, the artificial mound, the inequalities of the soil, and, above all, by the plentiful *débris* of stone, that a great building has once stood upon this spot. From the drawbridge, whose site we have just passed, a flight of stairs to the right anciently led to some "fair lodgings," and up higher to the wardrobe, and so on to the fetter-lock on the top of the mound, which enclosed about sixteen feet in the form of an octagon, with upper and lower chambers. Within the castle was a goodly court, leading to the spacious banqueting-hall, where the execution of Mary took place, and where also she was arraigned on her sham trial; and on the left hand was the chapel, some stately lodgings, and that "great dining-room, well garnished with pictures," which was mentioned in the survey of 1625. Miss Strickland is of opinion that "these were possibly the apartments appropriated to the use of the unfortunate Mary, where her last melancholy days were worn away." The foundations of the various outer and inner walls can be distinctly traced, and a ground-plan of the castle could be made with a probable approach to accuracy. The

inner moat, which is sixty-six feet wide, circles round the mound, which is everywhere precipitous, but more especially so on its northern and western sides. At these points the moat is thick with rushes, and still contains a little water, wherein the forget-me-not grows luxuriantly. On the other side the moat was the castle-yard, having, in its north-west corner, the great barn, a portion of which still remains. The inner moat ends by the river-front of the mound, which is about thirty-three yards distant from the Nene, which therefore served for the outer moat; but between the mound and the river there are traces of a wall, about twenty yards distant from the latter, and midway between this wall and the Nene is that shapeless block of masonry that is the sole representative of the castle architecture. The inner moat is continued from the drawbridge in an easterly direction, sweeping round to the river. Though half-choked with reeds and rushes, yet it has not been filled up with earth; and its western bank, now fringed by fine hawthorns, is crowned with the stony *débris* of the brewhouses, bakehouses, and other adjuncts of the buttery and kitchen. Modern evidences of *al fresco* dinners may also be found in the tattered biscuit-bags littering the ground, and in the burnt patches where picnic parties have boiled their kettles. On the other side of this moat is a flat grass field, about eighty yards in width, which was formerly the "yard half encompassing the castle," and which is bounded on its further or eastern side by the mill-brook flowing into the Nene, and forming the outer moat. This "yard" between the brook and the castle was laid out as an orchard and garden, and once contained a "great pond," which had been "landed up" when the survey was made in 1625. The mill-brook still flows in its former channel, rich in forget-me-nots, and shaded by hawthorns. A boat-house covers it at its junction with the river; and on the other side of it from the castle is "the little park," where the ground rises abruptly to a hill (its precipitous river front clothed with foliage), from whence we have an excellent view of the castle precincts, the winding river, the beautiful church, and the village of Fotheringhay. About one hundred yards from the river the mill-brook is crossed by a well-made road-bridge of stone, coeval with the castle, having floodgates towards the river, the timbers of which are nearly destroyed from age. Here was the "gate-house, and another ruinous house," spoken of in the 1625 survey; but, although they have disappeared, the interesting bridge still remains, and, with its adjuncts, will be found a capital subject for the artist, as well as the antiquarian.

The most conspicuous object in the sketches of the site of Fotheringhay Castle is the mound on which stood the fetter-lock keep. At the present day its tenants are of a very peaceful and timid order, for it is completely honey-combed with rabbit-holes, whose indefatigable inhabitants are continually scratching up to the surface fragments of stone that, from their fresh colour, have evidently never seen daylight since the time of Edmund Langley. Fourteen hawthorns grow on various parts of the mound, many of them of great size and beauty; and scattered profusely over the mound, and the whole area of the castle, is Mary Stuart's own floral emblem—the Scotch thistle—with its purple coronals, and its glossy green leaves veined with milky white, from which it has derived its name of the Milk Thistle (*Carduus marianus*). This is the thistle of which Tennyson speaks (in his Wellington Ode):—

"The stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples which out-riden
The voluptuous garden roses."

But it has been a vexed question whether this or the cotton thistle (*Onopordium acanthium*) has the stronger claim to be called the Scotch thistle, and to figure as Scotia's emblem. The balance of testimony appears to lie in favour of the milk thistle; and certainly we are not inclined to dispute this decision here on the Fotheringhay mound, where, on this beautiful September morning, its purple blooms are charming the eye and awakening memories of the hapless "Queen of the Castle" (as Burleigh nicknamed her, when he wrote to Elizabeth a report of the sham trial in the banquetting-hall), who, doubtless, selected this milk thistle, from all others of its tribe, to be her national badge. For, if this were not the case, how is it that we find this peculiar thistle (and not the cotton thistle) growing around and about all the prisons and palaces and castles from Dunbarton to Fotheringhay where Mary may have tarried? "Mary was a horticulturist and poet," says Miss Strickland, in a private letter to the writer of these lines; "and I should imagine that she sowed the seeds of the royal thistle of Scotland in the gardens of her English prisons." Or, if this may not have been the case at Fotheringhay, where, during the six winter months of her imprisonment she was confined to her bed or chamber, racked by neuralgic pains occasioned from loss of exercise and nineteen years' close detention in damp prisons, yet (as Miss Strickland further suggests) the appearance of this thistle at Fotheringhay and elsewhere, if not to be ascribed to Mary herself, may probably be attributed to the romantic gallantry of her many admirers, who wished the very ground to bring forth souvenirs of her whose presence had thrown a charm over the spot.

THE HERMIT OF FURLO.

I.

We have heard much this year about brigandage in Italy. It was hardly to be expected that the southern parts of the kingdom should at once assume a settled condition, when the scattered adherents of the expelled Bourbons of Naples roamed through the country, aided and abetted by the ruffian emissaries of Rome. Brigands by profession have thus been kept in countenance, and unusual disorder has been the result. But even before this last and perilous aggression of the brigands, that part of the mountains lying between the Marchè and the Umbria, called Furlo, was avoided by all prudent travellers, as being the scene of some of the most daring robberies that had ever been known.

In a small hut, barely and miserably furnished, with only a few of the wants of life, dwelt the so-called hermit of Furlo. If any one were ill or afflicted, none was so ready to do good as the hermit; and the old man with his long beard and benign countenance was looked upon with favour by all.

"What is it that so distresses you, Victorine?" said the hermit one morning as he entered the cottage of one of the poor peasants who lived higher up the mountain.

"Oh, father," said the girl, "the diligence was stopped as usual last night, and every one robbed; and there is a lady who has lost all her money, and cannot get home to her friends in Piedmont." The hermit turned rather abruptly away, and, without another word, went down the mountain to his own hut beneath the vines.

On the same evening a carriage, with a lady and her daughter, and only one servant, who was the coachman, was slowly wending its way up the steep incline

which led to the hut of the hermit. To their dismay the carriage was stopped by a man wearing a mask, and their money and other valuables were demanded.

"Signora," said the very polite robber, "I have no wish to use violence, particularly to you; but you see my men"—pointing to about twenty men drawn up, musket in hand, under the trees at some distance. "I can very easily enforce my demand, but I am persuaded that I shall not be obliged to do so; and now, without further parley, I will trouble you for those rings and that watch, mademoiselle, and also your keys."

Meanwhile the sight of those fierce armed men in the distance made the heart of the coachman, who was never very brave, quake with fear, and with trembling hands he delivered up all his effects, when the brigand made his bow and departed.

Fortune seemed to favour the thief on this beautiful summer night, for, returning after his meeting with the ladies, he encountered a farmer, who was proceeding to a neighbouring fair to buy oxen. The honest man was astonished to see a beard and masked figure arise up, seemingly out of the very ground. The farmer was a powerful man, but what could he do against all those soldiers who, although keeping such a respectful distance now, would speedily obey their master's word, and come to his help? Therefore his well-filled purse, his watch, and his *sac de nuit* were all given up to the robber, who then took leave of him, charging him not to tell any one of his adventure, or it would go ill with him.

It would have gladdened the eyes of all lovers of bright and tasteful things to have seen the sly place where the brigand kept his treasures—rings of diamonds and rubies and emeralds, bracelets of that rare Venetian work which is the pride of many noble families of Italy, watches and rich lockets; in short, such a beautiful variety of things as are very seldom seen together.

II.

A bright Italian day is rapidly drawing to its close. The only sounds are those of the tinkling bells attached to the necks of the milk-white heifers, which come slowly down yonder slope to drink, and the whirr of the large mountain bat, flying away from the tract of those beautiful fire-flies; and all is peace and beauty. But the brigand is up and stirring, for his practised ear has heard the sounds of horses' feet coming up the pass, and with musket in hand and pistols in belt he waits the arrival of the diligence. As he walks boldly forward, ladies shriek, and gentlemen endeavour to look valiant, but that formidable rank of armed men are enough to make the stoutest heart fail. The usual request for money or valuables is made; and this time, as on other occasions, no blood is spilt, as the brigand says none of his men shall advance if the travellers quietly give up their property.

At length all is furnished, and the diligence proceeds on its way. One of the passengers was a Frenchman, who had lost more than all the rest put together, and he was still in a state of extreme rage and trembling from fear; for not only had the brigand selected him as the one from whom he had demanded more than all the others, but he had held his pistol to his head, threatening him with instant death if he did not give up all he had. The fact was that the brigand was aware from one of his emissaries that this Frenchman was traveller to a goldsmith, and had always no mean stock of bright goods contained in his travelling-bag. The loss had been considerable to the poor man, because not only many valuable jewels which he had in charge to deliver to various noble families, clients of his master, but also

a goodly number of *billets de banc*, had passed from his keeping to that of the masked brigand.

When the carriage had arrived at the next post on the mountain, all were truly pleased to find before the door of the hostelry a carriage of the "*Messagerie Extraordinaire*," accompanied by several mounted gendarmes. To them each one was eager to tell the tale of robbery and threatened murder. The passengers of the "*messagerie*" were very unwilling that their journey should be retarded; and, although the dozen armed men belonging to the brigand had been augmented to fifty in the frightened imaginations of those who had been so ruthlessly robbed, still mounted gendarmes are no mean escort, and might put to the rout a great many brigands; so they agreed to dare the dangers of the pass of the Furlo, and go on their way.

Passengers re-mounted, and, all looking well to the priming of their pistols, the bells tinkled, the whip cracked, and they were again *en route*.

The little French gentleman had begged so hard to return to the scene of the robbery, in hopes that in the affray the brigands might be taken and he thus recover his property, that the coachman agreed; and, with fear and trembling on the part of the ladies, and some little anxiety on the part of all, the carriage proceeded on its way. The plan was that the "*messagerie*" was to go on, leaving the gendarmes a short distance behind, the many turns in the pass making such a plan perfectly practicable.

As they neared the point where the stoppage had occurred before, all began to tremble, for the Frenchman had described the fierce looks and behaviour of the brigands so vividly, especially of him who was evidently their chief, that a sharp encounter was expected, and none knew who should be the victims.

At length, when they came to a turn in the road, just before descending the more dangerous slope of the pass, a tall masked and armed figure advanced, with pistol in hand, and commanded the conductor to stop. "*Firma tutti*," said the brigand; for it was he of Furlo. The conductor could do no less, as his horses' heads were held by the robber. All of a sudden he perceived the Frenchman, and a visible change took place in his demeanour. "Give me your valuables, and I swear that my men, whom you see yonder under the trees, shall not fire a shot." He proceeded to make his perquisition with all politeness, when he suddenly was startled by the sound of a shrill whistle, which was the sign agreed upon between the travellers and the gendarmes. "*Per Bacco, questo e qualche cosè che io non intendo!*" (By Bacchus, this is something I do not understand!) and for a minute he stopped his proceedings. Whilst listening, the measured tramp, tramp of soldiers met his ears, accompanied with that unmistakable clank of the heavy sabre which had in his dreams so often threatened him. Now appeared all the little Frenchman's fire and bravery. No sooner did he see the anxiously-expected forms of the gendarmes than he made a dash at the brigand, who, however, eluded his grasp, to gain safety, as was thought, among those statue-like armed men beneath yonder trees. But not a man moved. The discipline which is kept up by the chief of the brigands towards his men is certainly very strict, yet it seemed strange that not one of those men stepped forward to their chief's assistance! The brigand stood at bay confronting his would-be captors, telling them to mount and go away, or he should order his men to fire. But the gendarmes did not intend to relinquish so readily their prize, and, after three times

calling upon him to surrender, fired. The brigand rolled on the ground one instant, and then turned over on his face, quite dead!

During this time not a man of the brigand's band moved; no, not even when their chief had fallen. The officer in charge of the picket now advanced, pistol in hand, to disarm those men, when, what was his astonishment to see not living men, as he had imagined, but stuffed figures so well and artistically made and accoutred that not one of the many of those who had suffered at the hands of the brigand of the pass had ever had an idea of the fact!

The brigand, in the meantime, claimed some little attention, and a litter was formed to carry the body to the hut of the pious hermit of the Monte. But who shall tell the wonder of those whom the affray had brought together to recognise in the masked brigand the hermit of Furlo himself? For many years he had been the terror of the whole mountain, and that entirely single-handed; for whenever he attacked a carriage or diligence, his figure-men, so startlingly life-like, were placed in order as if awaiting his commands; and his threat that, unless his demands were complied with, he should call his men to his assistance, was always enough to frighten the travellers, who, perhaps, were not so many as these supposed soldier-brigands, especially as they did not know how many men might be within call. A lonely mountain pass, in the falling evening or night, surrounded as it seemed by fierce-looking men, did not at any rate raise the courage of the bravest.

On searching the hermit's, or, we should say, brigand's hut, the quick eyes of the Frenchman discovered some earth newly turned up; and the gendarmes with their swords soon turned it over, when a large kind of hole, for it was not a chamber, was seen, in which the curious in *bijouterie* and virtu might have amused themselves for a length of time. Boxes full of the most costly jewellery, fowling-pieces, silks, velvets, lace, dressing-boxes of the most costly manufacture, rough diamonds and rubies and emeralds to have made a Jew cry for possession, all these were the robberies of the hermit of Furlo, who in the day-time personated the good and charitable Samaritan, and at night the robber, but, it is right to say, never the assassin. By means of his band of dumb servitors he had frightened the people to accede to his requests, but had never been known to shed blood. The Frenchman recovered the whole of his master's property, and, after a time, his own money. But it was a long and tedious process; for of course the syndic of the commune took possession of the entire lot of valuables found in the hermit's cell, and persons, who came from almost all parts of Europe, claimed things they had thought lost to them for ever.

This tale is no fiction, but a fact well-known in Italy. Some of the persons who had been robbed have shown to the writer the very articles which had been for a time in the custody of the hermit of Furlo.

THE LANDING OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE AT TORBAY, NOVEMBER 5TH, 1688.

As in the career of every man, so in the career of every nation there have occurred from time to time events most remarkable for their good or evil consequences, involving triumphs so signal, or reverses so complete, that they are considered turning-points of life, and the scenes, occasions, and surrounding circumstances force themselves upon our minds, and are imperishably recorded in our memories.

We English people of this nineteenth century are in no danger of undervaluing the great material prosperity with which our native land is blessed. But, remembering that no country is destined to a course of monotonous successes, and that the true wealth of a nation cannot be measured simply by the Revenue Returns, it will always be a prudent and interesting task to review events in the history of England which seem to have contributed, in a marked and eminent degree, to the formation of those great institutions and systems of opinion which have taken root amongst us, and by which we are daily moulded and influenced.

The history of Europe, and pre-eminently the history of England, attests the power of the religious element. It has inspired our laws, it has sent our armies and fleets to victory, it has mainly formed our national character. Even where its operation has not been manifest and palpable, it has done a silent and secret work. England has, indeed, been richly and variously blessed by her Almighty Ruler; but if we would enumerate her noblest victories, if we would celebrate her enduring glories, we must avert our eyes from the glittering symbols of military and naval supremacy, and fix them upon achievements such as that wherein, nearly two centuries ago, she rolled back the tide of corruption and superstition by which a traitor king conspired with a foreign church to efface her liberties.

We purpose to take a rapid review of the policy pursued by James II in his attempt to destroy the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of this country, and to relate the glorious deliverance of the church and nation, illustrated, as it may happily be, by the event of which the anniversary occurs on the fifth day of this month.

A knowledge of the state of political feeling in England at the time of James II's accession is essential to a right appreciation of the king's designs. We, who write nearly two centuries after the event, have the advantage of being able to measure the audacity with which those designs were conceived, and the cause of their signal failure. It must not be forgotten that James had in view one supreme object, to which all other objects were subordinate: this was nothing else than to put out the bright light of the Reformation, leaving England and all Europe to wander once more amidst the darkness and desolation of mediæval idolatry. Towards the accomplishment of this scheme, which, had it not been fatal to its authors, must have been fatal to the nation, were directed all the faculties of James's perverse and immoral mind. He was surrounded and constantly influenced by a band of men whose power has established or dethroned half the dynasties of Europe. We refer to a class of persons who, though their system of morality is notoriously opposed to the utterances of Him who was Incarnate Truth, and who, though they have debased the evangelical code by every variety of interpolation, have most blasphemously styled themselves the Order of Jesus. Their wonderful sagacity, their power of refining away the unpalatable distinction between virtue and vice, their unseen activity, their sleepless vigilance, their consistent and elaborate depravity, were all pressed into the service of the king. Fortunately for England, that king was one of the most awkward, stubborn, and wrong-headed of men; and, in attempting to execute the clever plans of his Jesuitical advisers, he constantly and disastrously failed. The chances of ultimate success seemed, however, to his narrow and bigoted intellect to be fair. He found his authority supported by a legislature obsequious enough to satisfy an Eastern despot, the House of Commons being almost wholly composed of cavaliers and court dependents. The commercial

magnates of England were at that time few in number and weak in influence, for trade was depressed in all its branches, and our foreign policy mainly consisted in a degrading subserviency to the court of France, then conspicuous for every form and variety of moral corruption. If James had been monarch of a frivolous, weak-spirited, irreligious race, his task would have been a comparatively easy one; for Popery may readily be established upon the ruins of morality and civil freedom. But the ancient spirit of England, relaxed and weakened as it undoubtedly was by the dissolute fashions of the Restoration, wanted just such a stimulus as James's misgovernment supplied, that it might return in all its original strength and moral grandeur. The king and the Jesuits soon found themselves confronted by two mighty forces, whose combination was irresistible—the National and the Nonconformist Churches. They acted separately and independently at first, forgetting that, in a doctrinal sense, the distance from England to Rome is so much greater than the distance from church to chapel, and thus risking the temporary defeat of great principles to which both were attached with equal sincerity; but at last, united by the pressure of a common peril, and allied in one of the noblest enterprises which ever engaged the energies of Christian men, they summoned to the rescue of religion and freedom the sleeping Protestantism of England. From that hour the king was doomed, and the country was saved.

In order to promote more effectually the destruction of the Reformed faith, James exerted every species of influence which might tend to exalt royal prerogatives at the expense of constitutional rights. He required Parliament to repeal the Habeas Corpus Act, which, to use Lord Macaulay's words, "he hated, as it was natural that a tyrant should hate the most stringent curb that ever legislation imposed on tyranny." This, however, was precisely one of those laws which raised the country above the level to which neighbouring nations were depressed; and the Jesuits were mortified to find that the British Parliament was in many respects an unsuitable sphere for the application of a system of government admirably adapted to a population which had been previously emasculated by Papal superstition.

The formation of a large standing army was a favourite idea with the king, for it was important to fill both military and civil offices with Papists. To this end he required the abolition of the Test Act, and violated the law by appointing officers who had not complied with its provisions. But the House of Commons voted an address to the crown, praying for the removal of those Roman Catholics who had received commissions; and, finding that the lords were equally opposed to the retention of a standing army in times of peace, the king prorogued Parliament, which did not re-assemble until the question of his own dethronement occupied the minds of men of all parties and every rank in the state.

It is important to observe that royal prerogatives, prior to the final settlement of the constitution under William III, were vaguely and obscurely defined. This circumstance was obviously favourable to the success of a monarch bent on the possession of despotic power. James accordingly resolved to stretch to the utmost the privileges conferred upon him by two principal prerogatives, which he claimed as his royal inheritance, the dispensing power, and the ecclesiastical supremacy. He used the dispensing power for the purpose of admitting Papists to military command, and to the rank of privy councillors, lord-lieutenants, sheriffs, and justices of the peace, intending even to admit them to spiritual offices as he saw opportunity; while he hoped, by means of

the ecclesiastical supremacy, to compel the national clergy to acknowledge the doctrines and government of the Papal See.

With this view he set to work all the engines of despotism. Never, since human justice had a seat on earth, has it been more scandalously perverted. The Church of England, which had for many generations preached loyalty to the person of the sovereign as an apostolical ordinance, and a duty imperatively binding on Christian consciences, became the object of a relentless persecution. The crown officers were ordered to draw warrants granting to professed Papists the privilege of holding benefices in the National Church. Upon Jesuit priests were conferred high dignity and emolument in the University of Oxford; while the bishopric itself was given to a man "whose religion, if he had any religion, was that of Rome, and who called himself a Protestant only because he was encumbered with a wife." The Court of High Commission, contrary to law, and in defiance of the loudly-expressed indignation of the country, was re-established. Bishops and clergy were arbitrarily suspended from their functions upon showing the least symptom of opposition to the king's wishes, who, as supreme ordinary, demanded that they should abstain from preaching against Popery.

But far exceeding the king's hatred of the Protestant Establishment was the bitter enmity which he bore to the Puritans. Among the many bright examples of Christian virtue which English Nonconformity has given to the world, conspicuously shines the name of Richard Baxter. He was old, and nearly worn out by labour and infirmities, when James commenced his reign. Within three weeks of that date Baxter incurred a criminal prosecution. In truth there was a special reason why this exemplary Christian should be deemed a most obnoxious heretic by the Popish conspirators. That reason is to be found in the fact that to promote unity, peace, and concord between the Church and the Nonconformists was one of the dearest objects of his life, and that to promote envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness between them was, and always will be, a distinguishing mark of Jesuit policy. Baxter was charged with sedition, being accused of having written passages in a paraphrase of the New Testament which justified resistance to the civil government in extreme cases, and impugned the jurisdiction of diocesan bishops. It was provided that he should be tried before Judge Jeffreys, one of the most infamous of mankind, but a most worthy representative of his royal master, who speedily created him Lord Chancellor, it being declared in the "London Gazette" that "this honour was the reward of the many eminent and faithful services which he had rendered to the crown." At the "trial" Jeffreys, who took a pride in fluent scurrility, would listen neither to prisoner nor counsel; and the jury, selected by the tools of the government (as juries at that time generally were, if the government required at their hands anything supremely base), found Baxter guilty. He was fined five hundred pounds, and, being unable to pay the fine, was sent to prison, where he remained for eighteen months. At the end of that time he was released, not because James's love of cruelty or hatred of virtue was satiated, but because a policy of conciliation towards Nonconformists had just then become favourable to the interests of Romanism in England.

It was on April 4th, 1687, that, at the instigation of his Jesuitical councillors, the king issued his famous Declaration of Indulgence. This document was most artfully framed, and bears, in some respects, a striking resemblance to the pseudo-liberalism of the nineteenth

century. It contained sentiments and provisions which seemed fair and safe, and which look well on paper. It announced the king's intention to protect all his subjects, Romanist and Protestant, in the free profession of their respective creeds. It abolished all religious tests. It annulled many penal statutes. Papists were to be allowed to build and decorate their temples, and even to form public processions in the streets. Protestant Dissenters were expected to welcome the Declaration, seeing that it relieved them of all civil disabilities and encouraged them to aspire, competing with Papists in a spirit of friendly rivalry, to possess high office and dignity in the state. Churchmen might be supposed to regard it with favour, for the king graciously promised to the National Church his patronage and support. But the clergy were enjoined by the king, as chief ordinary, to read this unconstitutional document on two successive Sundays at the time of Divine service, and the bishops were directed to circulate it through their respective dioceses. Fortunately for the highest interests of England, the Nonconformists refused to accept privileges for themselves at the price of giving up national securities against Romish aggression; while at the head of the Established Church were men who fully comprehended the great truth that a sincere devotion to the principles of the Roman Catholic Church is, and always must be, utterly incompatible with a sincere devotion to the principles of English constitutional government. Sancroft, Ken, Lloyd, Lake, White, Turner, and Trelawney were the seven excellent bishops who, by their vigorous opposition to a Popish government, roused the enthusiasm of the country, and won for themselves an everlasting place in the memories and affections of the people. They unanimously resolved to protest before the king against his Declaration of Indulgence, and to refuse him the very slightest co-operation. "Sir," said Bishop Ken, "we have two duties to perform—our duty to God and our duty to your majesty. We honour you, but we fear God." James, full of anger and disappointment, declared that the bishops had raised "a standard of rebellion." He committed the seven bishops to the Tower.

Now was earnestly commenced the struggle which ended so gloriously. "When the seven came forth under a guard, the emotions of the people broke through all restraint. Thousands fell upon their knees, and prayed aloud for the brave martyrs, as they were already deemed. Many dashed into the water, surrounded the barge in which the captives were conveyed, and, up to their waists in ooze and water, cried to the aged men of God to bless them. All down the river, from Whitehall to London Bridge, the royal barge passed between lines of boats, from which rose a general shout of 'God bless your lordships!' The banks were crowded with spectators, who, with uplifted hands and voices, prayed for the Protestant Church and its noble bishops. The very sentinels, who were under arms at the Traitor's Gate, reverently asked a blessing from the martyrs whom they were to guard; and all the soldiers in garrison drank the health of the bishops. All day the coaches of the first nobles in England were seen moving to and from the Tower in a continual procession." . . .

"On the memorable 29th of June the seven bishops were brought to Westminster Hall to stand their trial. As they passed through the city they were everywhere saluted with loud acclamations and blessings. 'Friends,' said the prisoners as they passed, 'honour the king, and remember us in your prayers.' Thirty true-hearted Protestant peers and a vast body of gentry attended them into the court. The jury remained in deliberation all night. The most intense anxiety prevailed on all

hands as to the result. 'It is very late,' wrote the Papal nuncio, 'and the decision is not yet known. The judge and the culprits have gone to their own homes. The jury remain together. To-morrow we shall learn the event of this great struggle.' At ten o'clock the next day the verdict of 'Not Guilty' was given in, and, as the words passed the foreman's lips, benches and galleries raised a shout of triumph. In a moment ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied with a still louder shout, which reverberated like thunder along the old oaken roof, and in another moment the multitude without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar, and answered by deafening cheers from the boats which covered the Thames. The bishops took refuge in Whitehall Chapel, where they returned thanks to God for their deliverance."

This great event drove the king and the Jesuits to desperate measures. A letter which Petre, James's Jesuit confessor, received from La Chaise, the confessor of Louis XIV, has been published. La Chaise boasts in that letter that, "by the power of the dragoons, we, the Jesuits, have converted many thousand heretics in France in one year, and by the doctrine of those *booted* apostles we turned more in one month than Christ and his apostles could do in ten years. Your heretics are too strong in the three kingdoms, and we must seek to convert them by fair means before we fall upon them with fire, sword, halters, gaols, and other like punishments. Lastly, surprise the heretics, and let zealous Catholics sacrifice them all, and wash their hands in that blood, which will be an offering acceptable to God."

These words indicate the policy adopted by James. Fraud, intrigue, and illegality were at first the weapons of his government; nor did the Jesuits leave any peaceful plan untried so long as hope of success by such methods could reasonably be entertained. But when they perceived that a sense of impending danger to religion and civil freedom had become the prevailing idea throughout every section of the Protestant Church, they turned, with instinctive eagerness, to the last argument of all. The doctrines which Jesuit eloquence and subtlety failed to recommend must be supported by cavalry, infantry, and artillery. Accordingly James ordered a large body of troops from Ireland, seeking to coerce his English Protestant subjects by the means of men whose spirit they despised, whose garb and language they ridiculed, and whose religion they loathed.

The birth of an heir to the throne at this particular time increased the general alarm throughout the nation, pointing with certainty, as that event did, to the prospect of a renewed term of Romish ascendancy. The country longed to secure a Protestant succession to the throne, and was in no mood to endure a second burden of Popish treachery and tyranny. At this conjuncture Englishmen of all parties welcomed political overtures from the husband of the king's eldest Protestant daughter. William, Prince of Orange, had long enjoyed the confidence of our greatest living statesmen. He was well known as a man of high principle, dauntless courage, great political sagacity, and, more than all, as a man whose Protestantism meant something more than a miserable, barren negation. His attachment to the Reformed faith was a vital, animating principle. It guided him in his house, in the senate, and on the field. He knew well the deep, inevitable corruption of the Papacy in matters both temporal and spiritual. He recognised its debasing spirit in the degradation of great empires, and the perversion of Christian morality. His splendid intellect revelled in the vision of delivering

England from Jesuit influence, and settling her government upon the basis of opposition to every Papal assumption.

England summoned this great prince, as with the voice of one man, to accept the crown which James had forfeited. We relate the landing of William on our shores in Lord Macaulay's words:—

"The Dutch fleet ran fast before the gale, and reached the Straits at about ten in the morning of Saturday, the third of November. William himself, in the 'Brill,' led the way. More than six hundred vessels, with canvas spread to a favourable wind, followed in his train. . . . Soon after mid-day he passed the Straits. His fleet spread to within a league of Dover on the north and of Calais on the south. The men-of-war on the extreme right and left saluted both fortresses at once. The troops appeared under arms on the decks. The flourish of trumpets, the clash of cymbals, and the rolling of drums were distinctly heard at once on the English and French shores. An innumerable company of gazers blackened the white beach of Kent. Another mighty multitude covered the coast of Picardy. Rapin de Thoyras, who, driven by persecution from his country, had taken service in the Dutch army, and now went with the prince to England, described the spectacle, many years later, as the most magnificent and affecting that was ever seen by human eyes. At sunset the armament was off Beechy Head. Then the lights were kindled. The sea was in a blaze for many miles. But the eyes of all the steersmen were directed throughout the night to three huge lanterns which flamed on the stern of the 'Brill.'

"When Sunday, the fourth of November, dawned, the cliffs of the Isle of Wight were in full view of the Dutch armament; that day was the anniversary both of William's birth and of his marriage. Sail was slackened during part of the morning, and Divine service was performed on board of the ships. In the afternoon and through the night the fleet held on its course. Torbay was the place where the prince intended to land, but the morning of Monday, the fifth of November, was hazy. The pilot of the 'Brill' could not discern the sea marks, and carried the fleet too far to the west. The danger was great; to return in the face of the wind was impossible. Plymouth was the next port, but at Plymouth a garrison had been posted under the command of the Earl of Bath. The landing might be opposed, and a check might produce serious consequences. There could be little doubt, moreover, that by this time the royal fleet had got out of the Thames, and was hastening full sail down the Channel. Russell saw the whole extent of the peril, and exclaimed to Burnet, 'You may go to prayers, Doctor. All is over.' At that moment the wind changed, a soft breeze sprang up from the south, the mist dispersed, the sun shone forth, and, under the mild light of an autumnal moon, the fleet turned back, passed round the lofty cape of Berry Head, and rode safe in the harbour of Torbay."

We have not space to continue the picturesque narrative, but trust that enough has been said to impress our readers with some sense of the vast importance to this country of the guiding spirit, the animating principle, which brought William to our shores. That spirit consisted in an inflexible opposition to Papal jurisdiction within the realm of England, and an unalterable attachment to the laws which constitute the privileges of British citizenship. There are, indeed, grave reasons at this time for urging upon English Protestants the duty of assuming a very decided attitude in presence of Romish aggression. It has become fashionable in

certain high quarters to assert that Popery has changed, that the action of its agents in England is no longer dangerous to freedom, and that earnest Romanism is compatible with sincere allegiance to the laws of this country. We are at a loss to find in history a shadow of support for such conclusions; nor do the recent utterances of the Pope and his bishops justify us in imagining that the Roman Catholic Church will voluntarily tolerate any institution which does not harmonize with its extremest pretensions. We suppose that there is no class of men about whom less is said at this time by our public writers than the order of the Jesuits; but we may safely affirm that there is no class of men who are more actively engaged amongst us. Their working is seldom seen, but its effects are visible everywhere. Most unhappily, they have effected many perversions even within the pale of the National Church. No one who understands anything of Papal policy can doubt that there are authorized agents who hold dispensations from Rome, in order more effectually to pervert the people to the idolatry and superstition of the apostate church.

At this time, more than at any other time, is Rome seeking to regain her long-lost ascendancy in England; nor, to possess this coveted treasure, will any expedients be omitted which may suggest themselves to the keen and practised intellects of her well-trained priesthood. Already they defy our laws. Their bishops assume jurisdiction in the name of the Pope. They claim a right to enforce the canon law of Rome at the earliest practicable moment, that law being distinctly opposed, in nearly every point, to the common law of the realm. They erect monasteries, contrary to the very letter of the law. They build and fill nunneries, in which none but priests have any authority, and wherein a system of pagan tyranny and cruelty is consecrated by Christian names, there being every reason to believe that law and justice are habitually violated. They, at present, successfully oppose all attempts to interfere with such institutions. They labour continually to gain, not merely toleration, but state support, while, at the same time, they insist upon freedom from state control. The so-called Archbishop of Westminster, Dr. Manning, says, "If ever there was a land in which work is to be done, and perhaps much to suffer, it is here. I shall not say too much if I say that we have to subjugate and subdue, to conquer and rule, an imperial race; we have to do with a will which reigns throughout the world as the will of old Rome reigned once; we have to bend or break that will which nations and kingdoms have found invincible and inflexible. Were heresy [i.e., Protestantism] conquered in England, it would be conquered throughout the world. All its lines meet here; and therefore in England the Church of God must be gathered in its strength."

Surely if history teach us one lesson with greater force and clearness than any other, it is that a Protestant country, to which civil freedom and uncorrupted Christianity are dear, cannot be guilty of greater folly or infatuation than is implied in the deliberate patronage and support of Popery. This is proved in almost every page of European history, and the brilliant national demonstration which seated William III on the throne of England owed its strength and vitality to that profound conviction. Let us hope that, animated by the voices of the illustrious dead, and warned by the teachings of the past, England will remain firm in her antagonism to the great Apostasy, and, through all prosperity and all danger, maintain, with unabated vigour, what the banner of the Prince of Orange declared to be the right rallying-cry, "The Protestant religion and the liberties of England!"

Varieties.

THE FRENCH TREATY OF COMMERCE.—The French Treaty of Commerce thus, or somewhat thus, came about. Strong in his denunciation as he had been of the frequent panics of French invasion of England, the idea gradually grew upon him that by far the most effectual method of rendering their recurrence most unlikely, if not quite impossible, was to cement new ties of commercial intercourse connecting the two countries, between which for ages there had been a most foolish and mutually injurious rivalry of prohibitory tariffs, and thus establish the strongest interests on both sides of the Channel against the outbreak of war. He had frequently talked over this idea with other illustrious free-traders, notably with such men as Chevalier and Bright; and Bright publicly expounded it, and urged its adoption in a speech delivered shortly after the formation of the Ministry in 1859. Chevalier, when he read this speech, wrote to Cobden, stating his belief that the time was now ripe for the completion of the idea which had formed so frequent a subject of their mutual converse and their dearest hopes. Chevalier said he believed the co-operation of the Emperor was certain. This was a great encouragement to Cobden, and he resolved fairly to set about the task. He communicated his plans to Mr. Bright, and the two proceeded to Hawarden Castle, the seat of Sir Stephen Glyn, a relative of Mr. Gladstone, and whom the latter gentleman was then visiting. Mr. Gladstone accorded at once his warmest approval. Cobden then waited upon the Premier, who also sanctioned the enterprise, and Mr. Cobden at once proceeded to Paris to commence the execution of his difficult but glorious task.—*M'Gilchrist's "Life of Cobden."*

ETYMOLOGY AND HISTORY OF THE WORD "PALACE."—A palace now is the abode of a royal family. But, if we look at the history of the name, we are soon carried back to the shepherds of the Seven Hills. There, on the Tiber, one of the seven hills was called the *Collis Palatinus*, and the hill was called *Palatinus*, from *Pales*, a pastoral deity, whose festival was celebrated every year on the 21st of April as the birthday of Rome. It was to commemorate the day on which Romulus, the wolf-child, was supposed to have drawn the first furrow on the foot of that hill, and thus to have laid the foundation of the most ancient part of Rome, the *Roma Quadrata*. On this hill, the *Collis Palatinus*, stood in later times the houses of Cicero and of his neighbour and enemy Catiline. Augustus built his mansion on the same hill, and his example was followed by Tiberius and Nero. Under Nero, all private houses had to be pulled down on the *Collis Palatinus*, in order to make room for the emperor's residence, the *Domus Aurea*, as it was called, the Golden House. This house of Nero's was henceforth called the *Palatium*, and it became the type of all the palaces of the kings and emperors of Europe.—*Professor Müller's Lectures.*

RIGHT OF ADOPTION IN INDIA.—The right, or rather duty of adoption, is no peculiar privilege; it is the specific and inherent principle of the Hindoo law of inheritance; and there is no religious obligation that is held more sacred among Hindoos. When a man has no hope of male issue, it is deemed a sin in him not to adopt. Should he, however, die without having effected this great object, it is the duty of his widow, with the concurrence of the senior male relatives, to adopt a son for her deceased husband. The adopted son performs the funeral ceremonies and becomes the heir of the deceased, and henceforward loses all share and interest in the property of his natural parents. Unless there is a son or lineal descendant, there ought always to be an adoption, for even the nearest relation is not entitled to succeed merely by reason of his consanguinity; and in the event of there being no blood-relation eligible for adoption, a duly adopted son from another family is the heir, to the exclusion of all collaterals.—*Major E. Bell's "Letters from Madras."*

NURSE-TREES.—In ordinary forest planting of mixed hardwood, such as oaks, ash, elm, plane, etc., it is the general practice to plant along with them a number of trees of the fir tribe, such as spruce, larch, and Scotch fir. Such nurse-trees are cheap, and by growing free they protect the hardwood trees until they have taken sufficient hold of the ground, when they are then gradually removed. This thinning is rigidly attended to in all well-regulated plantations, where the forester has unreserved powers for their future well-being. In town gardens the fir tribe do not generally succeed, and therefore willows and poplars are planted as nurses along with the hardwood trees intended for permanent effect. The nurse-trees must be removed in proper time.—*Scottish Farmer.*